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ty's hair was arranged precisely in the style worn during the First Empire; the *chignon* of ringlets commencing at the top of the head.

Two persons attracted much attention at this Court concert. The first was Adelina Patti, the renowned singer, whose beauty is much lauded in Paris, and the second was Mlle. Amélie Bouvet. Adelina Patti wore a pink tulle dress, worked all over with crystal beads, and a wreath of pink convolvuli, sparkling with dewdrops, in her hair. She received many flattering encomiums from the Emperor and Empress, and well she merited them, for her voice seemed to have gained in power and brilliancy since she last sang at the Tuileries.

From the London Orchestra.

MUSICAL REPORTERS.

To the Editor of the Orchestra.

Sir: Every one conversant with the musical articles in the *Times* paper and *The Musical World* will admit that there is some truth in the points suggested by Mr. Ella, and which appeared in your last number. Without question articles have appeared in these two papers irritating from their character, and the cause of sorrow to artists distinguished in every way for genius and acquirement. That Mr. Davison and Mr. Ella occasionally differ should be no matter of surprise. Mr. Ella is interested in the success of the Musical Union; Mr. Davison in that of the Monday Popular Concerts. Mr. Ella keeps *The Musical Record*; Mr. Davison the *Musical World*. Self interest may sometimes bring them together, and at other times have a contrary effect. It is every week announced in *The Musical World* that "no benefit concert or musical performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in the *Musical World*." It is plain therefore that an advertisement is at the bottom of a concert notice in this paper; and it appears that for some years Mr. Ella submitted it to the payment of this fee. Mr. Ella, however, at length rebelled, and the penalty is the loss of an original notice, and he has to bear up against an ambuscade of rifle shots from the editor under the odd *noms de plume* of Mr. Tidbury How, Mr. Zaniel Owl, Mr. Dartlo Old, Mr. Montague Shoot, Mr. Drinkwater Hard, Mr. Duff Short, Mr. Dishley Peters, Mr. Lavender Pitt, Mr. Taylor Shoe, Mr. A. Long-Ears, and Drs. Yellow, Breen, Egg, Queer, Quack, Rug, and many other graduates and undergraduates all marshalled by the baton of the great Ap' Mutton himself.

Mr. Ella's complaint comes rather late, for he cannot have shut his eyes to Mr. Davison's hostility to the Musical Union. Long ago Mr. Davison's oracle thus spoke in no unmistakeable terms of the Musical Union and its Directors:

"Our faith in modern disinterestedness is very slender. We generally find that large displays of Art-reverence end in moonshine, while the real selfish intention peeps from under them like the cloven foot of Beelzebub in the old prints. * * * We are no enemies to the natural feeling of self-love which induces every man to study his own welfare in the most zealous manner possible; and if Mr. Ella, while aiming to benefit himself, will respect the interests of others we shall never arraign his motives. But we object to extreme egotism strutting about in the garb of assumed disinterestedness. We prefer draggle-tailed virtue with an honest face, though dirty, and an open palm which may be placed on the breast without hypocrisy."

Whatever degree of Art-reverence Mr. Ella may have displayed in regard to the concerts of the Musical Union, Mr. Davison has manifested in a tenfold degree with regard to the Monday Populars. Whether at the "end" of these agreeable reunions Mr. Davison will be seen standing in "moonshine" ten times more clear than his friend or enemy, Mr. Ella, time and the moon only can reveal.

Mr. Ella may possibly have some pecuniary interest in the success of the Musical Union; but so has Mr. Davison in the success of the Monday Populars. The latter is paid for the "Art-reverence" displayed in the programmes, and we presume his *ganegyrics* on Mr. Arthur Chappell for all this revelation of "Art-reverence" is the result of a pen not altogether gratuitously exercised.

It is not for me to fight the battles of Mr. Ella. He can well take care of himself, and knows how to turn the attacks of ridicule upon the writer. But Mr. Ella's allusion to the twofold character of piano-criticism displayed in the *Musical World* is deserving of serious consideration, and calls for strict and searching examination. The question is this:

Is the foreign pianist, with the musical critic, in a less advantageous position than the English pianist?

Mr. Ella endeavors to illustrate this proposition by allusion to criticisms on the performances of Mme. Schumann and Mlle. Clauss and those on Mme. Goddard-Davison.

There is, no question, a marked difference between these notices, and this difference has been pointed out by Mr. Ella in your pages.

It is possible there may be a marked difference in the playing; of this the profession is probably as well qualified to judge as Messrs. Ella and Davison. Mr. Davison's actions can only in this matter be tested by his writings, and I have looked into the pages of the *Musical World* to ascertain if possible the truth in this matter.

No critic has a right to blame an artist without cause, and such cause must be fair and reasonable. The artist's reputation is his property—oftentimes his only property—and any unjust attempt to diminish this property is a grievous breach of the law that lies under, or ought to lie under, all our actions, "Do unto others as you would men should do unto you."

(To be Continued.)

EXCERPTS ON ART MATTER

MUSIC AND FLOWERS.—SOUND AND COLOR.

During the short sojourn of the Emperor Nicholas in England in 1844—the veteran diplomatist, Count Nesselrode, by whom he was accompanied, was on one occasion my guest—I took the liberty of asking the Count the secret of his prolonged youth, when he replied "Music and flowers." This anecdote may serve, as far as it goes, to confirm an observation which has been made to the effect, that long lived diplomats have generally cultivated a love for music. The present distinguished ambassador of Russia, at the British court (who accompanied the Russian chancellor on the visit referred to) is himself a connoisseur of the art. The late Prince Metternich is another very notable example. The late Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera. Prince Paul Esterhazy, Count Rechberg, Lord Westmorland, and others might also be enumerated. Music and flowers! Delicious sounds and

high colors. I hope I shall be pardoned the digression when I state that I know a person with whom music and colors are so intensely associated that, whenever this person listens to a singer, a color corresponding to his voice becomes visible to the eyes. The greater the volume of the voice, the more distinct is the color, and when the voice is good the high and the low notes are of the same color, whereas, if different colors appear during the performance of the singer, the voice is naturally unpleasant, or has been forced out of its natural register.

To show that my gifted friend is not content with maintaining a mere theory, I give a list of celebrated singers, with the colors which, it is asserted, correspond to their voices:

Ginglioni—Maroon. The color softened and well blended in its gradations. Substance, a rich velvet pile.

Mario—A beautiful violet, more like satin than velvet.

Tamberlik—A carmine; but unequal. On some notes, the color very strong, and on some notes scarcely any color. The voice like a cannon to be fired; a flash succeeded by haziness, but the flash very brilliant whilst it lasts.

Sims Reeves—A golden brown, something like a shot silk.

Boletti—Somewhat of crimson lake, mixed with indigo, equal, but the two colors always mixed.

Gardoni—A watery sun, with a dark cloud before it.

Grazianni—An Indian red, tinged with a beautiful golden brown—a magnificent color. Substance, a rich velvet.

Alboni—A blue (cobalt). Voice like so many raised lines or division, mechanically and formally correct. Latterly, some of the notes with color less bright.

Grisi—(Latter times) varies greatly. Primrose, and sometimes changes to blue. *Mem.* the colors change where the voice is not equal.

Piccolomini—Petillant. Many sparkling emanations, as when gunpowder is thrown on fire; some portions of the voice little color, but those that have color very brilliant and pleasing.

Patti—Light and dark drab, with occasional touches of coral.

Bosio—A very beautiful moss rose color, with a diamond-like transparency.

Trebelli—Prussian blue. A strong, ordinary color—equal.

Borglie—*Mamo*—Scarlet and black. Some nights the voice being one color, sometimes another, and occasionally both—made her performances differ, sometimes producing considerable effect, and sometimes very little. The middle voice is a good color; the high and low an unpleasant one. They are probably not natural, but the result of force.

Pauline Viardot—At least half a dozen colors. One or two like a silk shot, the shots at moments very pretty, at other times very disagreeable.

Clara Novello—Tomato; always the same, but a cold, glaring color.

Titens—Red in some, and pink in other parts of the voice. Latterly the colors faded in some of the notes.

Louisa Pyne—Pale sky blue. Very pretty and delicate, but a little faded.

Miolan Carvalho—A French lilac. Very pretty.

Battee—Yellow and white—two distinct colors. Sometimes the white is beautiful and pure,

whilst the yellow is not good; but sometimes the two colors blend and form (in idea) a daisy, which is really pretty—like whipped cream with little bits of dark spice in it.

Penco—Some notes yellow, like a beautiful canary color; but some notes are like yellow ochre—a vulgar yellow. The voice is unequal.

Aldighieri—Warm (reddish) violet color.

Carlotta Marchesie—A bronze auricola.

Barbara Marchesie—Carnation.

This faculty of perceiving colors while listening to music, though it sometimes increases the pleasure of the listener, may also be a source of pain. I do not mention names, but the person bears witness to the existence of voices that have caused the appearance of the colors of snails, stale beer, sows' milk, curry powder, rhubarb, mud splashes, and tea-leaves from which the water has been strained.

Some may smile at the above as a mere creation of idle fancy; but I am inclined to regard the association between sound and color as a proven fact, worthy of scientific investigation.—*Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera*.

Some sarcastic critic—evidently a novice in the ways and *airs* of fashionable society—thus hits off the effected hesitation frequently evinced when a young lady is asked to sing at an evening party:

"On being led to the piano, the young lady first throws a timid glance round the room, ostensibly to show a gentle confusion, in reality to see who is looking at her. She then observes to the lady of the house, 'That she is not in very good voice, having a slight cold,' which she confirms by a faint sound, something between a sigh, a smile, and a single-knock cough. 'Oh! but you always sing so delightfully,' declares the hostess, encouragingly. The young lady is 'certain she cannot this evening'—to strengthen which opinion she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous by giving him her bouquet to hold; and drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, lays them, together with her filmy handkerchief, conspicuously upon the piano. An active gentleman volunteers to shut down the top of the piano, which has been opened for quadrilles, and pinches his fingers in the attempt; the musicians form a series of dissolving views; and the young lady takes her place at the piano. As she plays the chords of the key she is about to luxuriate in every body is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music-stool is too high, or too low, or something of the kind. At length all being still she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess, and saying she is 'certain she shall break down,' she brings out the opening notes of a recitative, which makes the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and silences even a couple who are whispering all sorts of nothings to a talkative lady in the back drawing-room."

It is no wonder that such ridiculous affectation—of which the above is no overdrawn picture—should be rather disgusting to sensible men and women. It is a rare but refreshing sight to see a lady without apology comply with a request to sing, with the same grace and ease that she would contribute to the enjoyment of her friends in other ways.

PARIS MILITARY BANDS.—Some idea of the military music at command, for extraordinary events in Paris, may be formed by the following

lists of bands assembled in 1846 at the Hippodrome, under the immediate patronage of the Duc de Montpensier, viz.:—Sixteen bands of the National Guards of Paris and its vicinity; eighteen of Infantry regiments; four of Lancers; three of Dragoons; one of Hussars; one of Artillery; and one of the National Horse Guards. According to an ordinance from the Minister of War, each regiment of the Line has fifty musicians, a Cavalry thirty-six, and an Artillery regiment forty; thus forty-four regiments comprise two thousand musical instruments. In the combination of instruments, the bassoon and hautboys are excluded, and in the second book of M. Kastner's "Manuel General de Musique Militaire," the exclusion of these instruments in military bands is approved by the most experienced authorities.—*Ella's Sketches of Music*.

CANNING AND LYNDHURST.—I shall never forget the effect Canning produced in the House of Commons, when I happened to be in the gallery. Copley (afterwards Lord Lyndhurst) who had not a particle of political principle, had all at once taken it into his head, because at the moment it apparently coincided with his interest, to oppose Catholic emancipation, which the Minister had determined to carry. Philpotts, now Bishop of Exeter, not yet having had his quietus in a bishopric, had written a tirade against emancipation; Copley had read this, and stealing all the arguments of Philpotts, he retailed them in a speech fitted to his immediate object. When he had finished, Canning rose, and with the most polished irony, stated that Copley had stolen all the arguments he had just used from a source that recalled to his mind the old song—*"Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale, Was once Toby Philpotts."*

The House roared with laughter. It required all the *æs perennis*, the everlasting brass of the individual who was so flagellated, to bear it unmortified. Copley, however, was not moved where another would have shrunk into a nutshell.—*Redding's Celebrities whom I have Known*.

NOTHING is more delightful than good singing and good music—in the family, in the social gathering, in the church. But something more than vocal ability or artistic skill is necessary to produce good music—the "spirit and the understanding" must be thrown into the performance. Let the children in the family be trained to sing—not merely the *one* who may possess a "fine voice" and a "correct ear," but *all*. How many look back regretfully to their childish days, remembering how they were told, "you have no voice," "your ear is not correct," "you'll never make a singer," until it seemed a fixed fact. Some have *ten* talents—some only *one*. Let not parents help their children to bury *the one*. All may not become Jenny Linds—but there are very few who, by proper training, may not join in the music of the family circle—with, at least, pleasure to themselves.

OUR great pianist, Gottschalk, having performed at a private house in San Francisco, in the presence of two or three illustrious Indian chiefs, the most refined among these wild visitors stepped forth, shook him by the hand, and, said he, in a coaxing way, with a slap on the artist's shoulder, "Why, if the little white man can make the music play so beautiful, don't the white man dance wid it?"

THE MOST APPROPRIATE COMPOSER FOR CHURCH MUSIC.—Bishop.

COULD A MAN BE SECURE.—The author of this *Anacreontic* is unknown. In a volume containing *The words of the favorite pieces performed at the catch club, &c.*,—the music is ascribed to Goodwin; but who this was, and when he lived we cannot learn. The composition is entitled to all the favor shown it from the moment of its birth to the present time.

COLERIDGE'S WANT OF EAR.—I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi once remarked to me at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could hardly contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.—*T. S. Coleridge*.

HUMMEL.—In June, 1791, I met at dinner at Longman's, the celebrated Hummel, then a boy thirteen years of age. He came from Vienna to have the honor of turning over the book for Mr. Bates, who conducted the grand performances in Westminster Abbey. I heard him play a beautiful sonata he had published, dedicated to the Queen, in which he introduced the then popular air of the "Plough Boy," with inimitable variations. As a youth he was the most surprising performer that had ever visited London except young Mozart. Thirty years after I met him in town: a large fat man, and heard him play at the Philharmonic; but so bent upon getting money, that he would not play gratuitously even in that society, where I should have thought the honor sufficient. He had justly acquired a high reputation all over Europe for his smooth and excellent performance. His trios for the piano-forte, violin and violincello, are written with great clearness upon pleasing subjects, and as works of *art* I should rank them higher than Mozart's. It is obvious that he made Beethoven his model, and, as near as mortal can approach that mighty mind, he has approached. Where and when will the genius arise who will dare to soar into those regions of the imagination into which that divine author has lifted us.—*Gardner's Music and Friends*.

FOREIGN ART NOTES.

There is to be an International Exhibition of Works of Fine Art at Berlin; to remain open from the 2d of September to the 4th of November next.

The Committee which has charge of the completion of Cologne Cathedral has applied to the Prussian Government for permission to institute a lottery, as before, the proceeds of which, if continued for nine years, will go far, it is hoped, to meet the charges of the entire works. During the past year, the receipts for this purpose have been 234,000 dollars, of which 106,000 dollars have been subscribed; 50,000 dollars were obtained from the Government; 175,000 accrued from the lottery, and the balance from legacies. By continuing the lottery, it is expected to obtain a total of 250,000 dollars a year for the nine years which may be occupied in completing the Cathedral.

Some discussion has occurred in the English House of Commons, with regard to the building of the new National Gallery. Mr. Cowper explained the intentions of the Government with